

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #27]

ORIGINAL MSS. OR FIELD NOTES (Check one)

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COMMENTS

Name: Merton R. Lovett 2/24/39 Conn. [?]

INTERVIEWS

WITH

VITO CACCIOLA

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From Memory.

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Paper No. 27

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- INTERVIEW WITH VITO CACCIOLA

By Merton R. Lovett

"Whata good all those flowers? He's so deada he cannot smella them. On de grave de snow spoila them tonight sure.

"You say there was a biga crowd at funeral. Maybe? How many those peoples visit de corpse when he live? How many prove for him real friend? Me. When I'm a dead they can throwa de body behind railroad tracks. Whata de difference?

While I live I wanta but little:- work enough to keepa de mind from mischief; a gooda conscience; some friend to enjoy with me de music; some smalla comforts and de opportunity to kelpa de neighbor.

"After I'm a dead? De Blessed Lord he will cara for me then. Heaven? Who knows if there is a heaven? I don't a know. I maka no worries.

"Yes many peoples feara death. At is de biggest secret.

"No I do not believe in ghosties. Somebodies do. One night long ago I goes to a wake at house of de Assistant District Attorney. He's friend of mine. He liva with his aged aunt. She wasa dead.

"Many peoples coma to show respects. They maka big party. Three four hours they talka and drinka. Then they maka good byes. It is now one by de clock. I also am about 2 ready to leava.

" ' Don't a go way Vito; ' my friend begged. ' I is afraid. ' "

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"He grab a my arm. His voice it trembla. He is afraid that de ghost of his aunt will catcha him.

"He saya: ' If you leava me along, I go crazy. Counta with me the rosary some more.' We kneela and recite a de rosary many times.

Do candles burna with de pale light. De shadows creepa in de room.

"Pretty soon he crya and shaka. He say: 'Vito, heara de noise. ' De spirit coma for us. ' But I think it wasa de mouse. De beads shaka in his hands lika rattle.

"I tella him to be brave. I prays de good Lord to puta peace in his heart. But it is no gooda. He has too mucha fear. Perhaps also he hava de bad conscience.

"He crya: 'Vito Looka! The eyes of my aunt. They maka open and shuta. He shaka so much he cannot maka de sign of de cross. He weepa.

He say: 'Come quick Vito! Coma quick! It is de evil eye.' Then he runna to basement.

"There is some wine in cellar. He breaks off de head of bottle. He drinks so fast he spoils new clothes. He saya: 'I does not wisha to die. I is bada man. To my aunt I was unkind. I talka to her de angry words. I giva her no help. I giva her no money. I giva her no love. '

"You is righta, Mr. Lovett. He hava guilty conscience. At was then too late to maka remends to his aunt.

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"What happens next? I leada him upstairs. I puta him in de bed. I talka to him and pray. Soon he goes to sleepa. When sun maka shine on de window, I leava him there.

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“He was smarta man. In Suffolk County he wasa most prominent. He maka de criminals and yeggers trembla. Because he had sin in de heart he was afraida of death. He did not yet know de greatness and mercy of God.

“As he changed? Today he is mucha wealthy. I see him only seldom. But I thinka he is yet not ready to die. ”